

# Orangeburg Times.

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VOLUME V

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

NUMBER 45

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MUSIC FOR ALL.

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## There is a Time For All Things

Charles Ray came home from school and said to his brother, 'Come Henry, you have stayed in the house long enough. There is fine skating on the pond. Get your skates and let us be off.'

'Stop and hear me read this story in my little magazine,' said Henry.

'I shall do no such thing,' said Charles. 'We have but an hour to play on the ice. We must go now if we would go at all.'

'But this is such a nice story that I want you to hear it,' said Henry.

'I will hear it at the right time, and in the right place,' said Charles. 'It is play-time now; and I shall not stop to hear you read, though I am as fond of that little magazine as you are.'

Henry did not give up his wish, and so he began to read aloud.

Then Charles said, 'You are as bad as the man who stopped to scold a boy at the wrong time.'

'Tell me about it,' said Henry.

'Get your skates and come along, and you shall hear about it,' said Charles. 'It is worth hearing.'

When the boys were out in the cool air with their skates, Charles told the tale thus: 'There was once a boy, who, in trying to learn to swim, got beyond his depth in the water, and saw that he must drown if he could not get help.'

'Seeing a man on a rock near by, the boy cried out to him to help him. But the man began to talk to him thus: 'My young friend, you did wrong in going into the water before you knew how to swim. You did wrong in coming alone to the beach, and going out beyond your depth. You did wrong—'

'O sir! sir!' cried the poor boy, 'please help me now, and scold me afterwards. I shall drown before you get through your sermon.'

'Do not speak, but hear the voice of wisdom, my young friend,' said the man. 'Let this teach you never to go beyond your depth. If you had been a good, wise boy,—'

'Here the boy sank.'

'Was the boy drowned?' asked Henry.

'No; he was not drowned. A big wave bore him in, where it was not over his head; and he soon got on his feet, and ran up the beach, and put on his clothes.'

'I hope he gave that man a piece of his mind,' said Henry. 'What a foolish old man he must have been!'

'I do not know what the boy said,' said Charles. 'I only know that the story ought to teach us that a thing that may be good at one time may not be so good at another. The man was to blame in choosing such a time such as that to preach.'

Bring Jesus More at Home.

The little loving charities of daily life preach loudly for him who went about doing good. Bring Jesus into your home and your circumstances more than you have hitherto done. Things do not go on well in your household, perhaps, nor in your circumstances either. You wonder why it is. Wonder not. It is because you bring the Lord so little into them. How can it be otherwise, with Him so little acknowledged? How can it be otherwise, when you are not casting upon Him all that pertains to you? Change your plans. Bring Jesus more into home, and plans, and duties, and circumstances. Live not on as you have done, realizing his presence so little. The name of Jesus is no mere fancy. He is a reality. He is a bosom friend, a tender physician, a loving Father, a gracious Saviour, a very present helper. Oh, make him so to you. Live not outside of these precious relationships. How strangely will all things change then? How you will be lifted up above things that once fretted you and hung heavily upon your mind? How little will appear the things which men are struggling after and panting for around you! You will rise above

them into a new element. Try it! Bring Jesus more into everything. Tell him everything. Make him your constant friend and companion. Make him a reality. Only then will you begin to know him as you should. Only then will the unutterable preciousness of Jesus begin to unfold itself in your heart.

## A Good Temperance Tale.

From Ohio comes a capital temperance story. Judge Quarry, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts here, got off the following: 'All of those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey, at forty years will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whiskey for years in moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken.'

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said:

'I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement.'

'Are you a moderate drinker?' asked the Judge.

'I am.'

'How long have you drunk in moderation?'

'Forty years.'

'And you were never intoxicated?'

'Never.'

'Well,' remarked the Judge, scanning his subject close from head to foot, 'yours is a singular case, yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a flask of whiskey, sat down to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread, some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the colored man, the idea of dipping the bread in the whiskey and feeding it to them. He tried it; it worked well. Some of the fish ate it, became drunk, and lay helpless on the water. By this stroke of strategy he caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. He partook freely of the bread and whiskey, but with no perceptible effect; he was shy of every effort of the colored man to take it.

'He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a neighbor, and asked his opinion of the matter. The other surveyed the wonder for a moment, and then said, 'I understand this case. That fish is a mullet head; it hasn't got any brains.'

'In other words,' added the judge, 'alcohol affects only the brain, and of course those having none may drink without injury!'

The storm of laughter that followed drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

MAKE A GOOD GARDEN THIS YEAR.—Let every farmer, who has not been in the habit of paying much attention to his garden, begin now and try to make a good garden this year. It is the most valuable investment that can be made on a farm. Haul as much manure as you can, say 30 or 40 loads on one acre or half acre of ground. Plow deep and prepare carefully. It will soon be time now to plant a number of early vegetables. A hot bed ought now to be made to sow the seed of early cabbage, tomatoes, etc.—Those not accustomed to having all vegetables on their tables can hardly estimate the comfort to be gotten out of a garden.

Cold feet and cold extremities indicate defective circulation. According to Dr. E. B. Foot's Health Monthly.

Ashes from the recent eruption at Cotopaxi, in Ecuador, are said to have fallen at a distance of 1,000 miles from the volcano.

## Worth of a Pig.

Mr. Robertson, in his 'Notes on Africa,' gives the following anecdote of the admiration of justice in that quarter of the globe: At Tatum, the mother of a child was attracted by its cries, which were caused by a pig having stolen something from it of which it had been eating; as was natural, the woman struck the pig with a stick which happened to be near. This blow, the owner of the pig contended, caused its death. The affair, however, remained many years unnoticed, but it was at length brought forward, and urged with such vigor that many persons were involved in it who were not born at the time the transaction took place. As the animal was a female, the damages were calculated at a higher rate, and the result was that every one connected by the most distant affinity with the unhappy mother, to the number of thirty-two, husband, children and all that were most dear, were sold as a remuneration for the loss of a pig. The aversion of the chiefs, who received a proportion of the spoil, was only restrained when there was nothing more to be disposed of. The same monstrous practice is adopted on the loss of fowls, and the claims calculated in the same way. Whole families have been sold for a single chicken.

## An Essay on Woman.

The undomesticated editor of the Newport Local thus relates his matrimonial experience: "A woman is a mighty handy thing to have about the house. She doesn't cost any more to keep than you'll give her, and she'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night, she'll be awake when you get home, and then she'll tell you about yourself, and more too. Of course she will know where you have been and what kept you out so late, and will tell you; yet right after she gets through telling you that, she will ask you where you have been and what kept you out so late. And after you tell her she won't believe you; you must mind that; and if after going to bed she says she hasn't closed her eyes the whole night, and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer and won't go to sleep when she has a chance, you must mind that either; it's her nature.

It seems to be the ambition of all young wives to look well when any one calls. The other day a south side bride heard a ring at the front door. The maid was out and she rushed up stairs to "fix up" a little before admitting the caller. There was a moment of lightning work before the dressing case. Quicker than it takes to tell it a ribbon was fastened at her throat, a flower stabbed into her hair, a flash of powder on her face, and she was at the door, all smiles and blushes. The gentleman said he had walked from Memphis, and couldn't remember that he had tasted food since he left Cincinnati.—Oil City Derrick.

THE "BROWNEST" WEDDING.—The brownest wedding we have heard of took place in Tuscaloosa a few days ago. The groom and bride were Mr. Brown and Miss Minnie Brown, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. John Brown, and the reception was given by Mr. Henry Brown. Miss Minnie Brown has brown eyes and was attired in brown attire, while Mr. David Brown was likewise dressed in a brown suit. Altogether, the occasion was a brown affair, and the Gazette of Oak City in extending congratulations to Mr. Brown confidently expresses a hope that the "name of Brown may ever be perpetuated."—Decatur (Ala.) News.

In Japan a law requires fish to be sold alive. They are peddled in tanks.

Kentucky is great. It has a cow that eats chickens, a mule that lays eggs and hatches them in a mare's nest.

## The Jute Industry.

A NORTHERN VIEW OF ONE OF THE HEALTHY SIGNS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

[From the Nation.]

The derangement of industrial and social relations in South Carolina caused by secession and emancipation was considerably mitigated by the development of the great phosphate interest, and now, as if to make the return to a healthier political condition, the planting and manufacture of jute begin to assume importance. It has been found that the home of the sea island cotton is also fitted for the profitable culture of jute, and the Charleston Bagging Manufacturing Company has begun to open subscriptions with a view to starting a mill which will employ sixty hands, of whom only eight will be men. The experiments made with the plant in the neighboring States of Georgia and Florida, as well as in Louisiana and Texas, all point to the ultimate success of this new industry, already more extended than those who have given no attention to the subject might suppose. The report of the commissioner of agriculture for 1876 contains an elaborate paper on jute, by Prof. S. Waterhouse, of Washington (St. Louis) University who has studied its cultivation in India; and as the earliest plantings in the United States take place in April, there is time for all, who wish to inform themselves, to do so. Some of the stalks grown in the States named reached the height of fifteen feet; the yield was in several cases at the rate of 3,500 pounds to the acre, and the fibre in some instances was judged superior to the Indian. The seed, too, has been improved, and is one-sixth heavier than that of India. Many branches of manufacture which now use jute either sparingly or not at all, would be stimulated to use it freely, not only for bagging and baling, but for paper and all sorts of textile fabrics from carpets down, as the example of Dundee has so well taught us. A product which has become the fourth staple in the exports of India, yielding precedence only to cotton, opium and rice, may easily take a commensurate rank with us. We appear to have in abundance the hot and moist climate and good soil it affects, and we certainly have the ingenuity to compete by machinery with the crude and cheap labor of India or the skilled labor of Scotland. We wish success to the Charleston enterprise.

Be and continue poor young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; bear the pain of defeated hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have in such a course grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God and die.

Among the friends of Lord Brougham was a lady who always expected a present when she received calls on the anniversary of her birth. Lord Brougham, called upon one of these days, forgot his present, but with ready presence of mind seized upon the finest ornament he could find in the ante-room, wrapped it carefully up in a piece of paper and presented it. The lady was excessively pleased with the gift, and never discovered that she had possessed it before.

Herr Zeittels has devoted eleven years to the study of the phylogeny of the dog, and comes to the conclusion that neither wolves nor foxes are involved in the descent, but that jackals and the Indian wolf were the original canine ancestors. The author recently read a paper before the Dresden Naturalist's Society "Isis," giving a sketch of his researches and the reasons for the conclusions at which he had arrived.

Ground rents—Earthquakes.

At a late hour one evening a woman about forty years of age, and apparently greatly excited, entered a Michigan avenue drug store and called out:

'Let me have ten grains of morphine and a glass of water—quick!'

'I couldn't do it,' calmly replied the druggist.

'You can't! Then, for heaven's sake, give me a glass of soda-water, for I've had a fight with my husband and my troubles are greater than I can bear!'

'The fountain has been closed for the season, madam.'

'No morphine, no soda-water! and I'm racked to death with mental torture! Oh, sir, if you have any mercy in your heart for an unfortunate woman, do hand me out a stick of gum!'

He passed it out, and she hadn't set her teeth in it over four times when her burden of sorrow began to lift and her face to light up, and she went away a comparatively happy woman.

The mother of two sons met one of the brothers in a field one morning:

'Which of you two boys am I speaking to?' asked the mother; is it you or your brother?'

'Why do you ask?' inquired the lad, prudently.

'Because, if it's your brother, I'd box his ears,' answered the mother.

'It is not my brother, it is I,' said the boy.

'Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it.'

'No,' mother, I am wearing my own coat.'

'Good heavens!' cried the mother, looking at him intently; 'you is your brother, after all.'

'Sound,' said the school-master, 'is what you hear. For instance, you can not feel a sound.'

'Oh yes, you can,' said the school-master.

'Wilson,' retorted the pedagogue, 'how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?'

'A sound thrashing,' quickly replied the smart boy. 'Correct,' said the school-master. 'Come up.' And that smart boy felt and smarted.

'HE DOES NOT COME.'—The following lines were taken from a young lady's hymn-book, a few days ago, which she thoughtlessly left in church:

'I look in vain—he does not come; Dear! dear! what shall I do? I can not listen as I ought, Unless he listens too.'

He might have come as well as not—What plagues those fellows are! I'll bet he's fast asleep at home. Or smoking a cigar.'

How busily the town cow goes For the fodder of her country foes— She climbs into the wagon box Regardless of the well-aimed rocks, And eats her fill of straw, the while She wears a peaceful, pensive smile.

Refined sugars are cheaper now than ever before in this country.

During the past year 135 tons of amber were dug up in Prussia.

It is a fact that 243 English persons went mad from love last year.

Pittsburg has a dog that can wait at table. This must be Old Dog Tray.

Archibald Gordon Granville, N. C., is the father of twenty-seven sons by one wife.

A short time previous to the death of Pongo, the famous gorilla, the directors of the Berlin museum refused \$12,500 for him.

A Cincinnati 'society' reporter says 'there's no end to balls.' Balls, we believe are always round.—Norristown Herald.

TAKE NOTICE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the Citizens of the Town and County that he is prepared to do up and make Mattresses on the shortest notice. Also will conduct an Upholstery business. Prices will be as low as possible. Orders solicited.

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